

as is practiced near Lyons, where it is found that by inserting the walnut of St. John on the common walnut, the fruit is rendered finer and the crop more certain. Black walnuts thus grafted begin to bear the fifth year. On estates where no black walnuts exist the deficiency may be supplied by planting the nuts and grafting the young stocks when they come to the height of eight or ten feet.

It should be observed, that in the walnut, more than in any other tree, it is necessary, on account of the loose texture of the wood and the large volume of the pith, to protect the amputated limbs from the weather. A covering of clay should be so nicely adapted to the exposed surface as to entirely exclude the rain; otherwise, decay will commence and spread itself into the body of the tree.

In those parts of France, Belgium and Germany, where the walnut is not cultivated for commerce, the trees have generally sprung from the seed, which is the cause of the inferiority of the fruit. For it is observed that, with a few accidental exceptions, the finest fruits and flowers degenerate in reproduction. This inconvenience would be experienced in the United States; and, as there do not perhaps exist in that country, south of the Hudson river, ten European walnut trees, I should recommend the importation from Bordeaux of young grafted trees, which will soon furnish the means to such proprietors as wish to enrich their estates with this useful and magnificent tree.

#### MUSTAPHA'S VACATION.

[From the Burlington (Ia.) Hawkeye.]

Now in the sixth month, in the reign of the good Caliph, it was so that Mustapha said: "I am wearied with much work; thought, care and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door." And he called his physician, who felt of his pulse and looked upon his tongue and said: "Two-dollars!" (For this was the oath by which all physicians swore.) "Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet, and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks." And he heard him and went out and put the business in the hands of the clerk and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben's, whom he had not seen for these fourteen years. Now, his Uncle Ben was a farmer and abode in the valley of rest, and the mountains of repose rose round about him. And he was rich and well-favored and strong as an ox and healthy as an onion crop. Oftentimes he boasted to his neighbors that there was not a lazier bone in his body, and he swore that he hated a lazy man. And Mustapha wist not that it was so.

But when he reached his Uncle Ben's they received him with great joy and placed before him a supper of homely viands well cooked and piled upon his plate like the wreck of a box car. When he could not eat all they laughed him to scorn. And after supper they sat up with him and talked with him about relatives whereof he had never in all his life so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra and Aunt Bethesda, and once he said he had a letter from Uncle George last week. Now they all knew that Uncle George was shot in a neighbor's sheep pen three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him and he hated politics. So about 1 o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed. Now the spare room, wherein he slept, was right under the roof, and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed corn hung from the rafters, and he bunged his eye with the same and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night he ran a scythe in his ear. And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless and slumbered crosswise and kicked, so that Mustapha slope not a wink that night, neither closed he his eyes. And about the fourth hour after midnight his Uncle Ben smote him on the back and spake unto him, saying: "Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon are fried and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the cow lot. Take a towel with you." When they had eaten, his Uncle Ben spake unto him, saying: "Come, let us stroll around the farm." And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle Ben set him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn and he taught him how to unload it. Then they glided up their loins and walked four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood, and they walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and Mustapha wished that he were dead. And after supper his Uncle Ben spake once more and said: "Come, let us have some fun." And so they hooked up a team and drove nine miles, down to Belcher's branch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come—which wasn't long, for already the night was far spent—his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him to make rail fences. And that night there was a wedding, and they

danced and made merry, and drank, and ate and when they went to bed at 3 o'clock Mustapha prayed that death might come to him before breakfast time. But breakfast had an early start, and got there first. And his Uncle Ben took him down to the creek and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when the evening was come they went to a spelling-school, and got home the first hour after midnight, and Uncle Ben marveled that it was so early. And he lighted his pipe and sat up for an hour and told Mustapha all about the forty acres he bought last spring of old Mosey Stringer to finish out that north half, and about the new colt that was foaled last spring. And when Mustapha went to bed that morning he bethought him of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily, and he took it. But the youngest boy was restless that night, and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds. And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch. And when evening was come there was a revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist church, and they all went. And there were three regular preachers and two exhorters and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come they went home and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bed time.

Now, when Mustapha was at home he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and he went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he rose not until the sun was high in the heavens. So the next day when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field, and show him how to make a post and rail fence, Mustapha would swear at him and smote him with an ax-helve, and fled, and got himself home. And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death; he turned his face to the wall, and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers. And his physician and his friends mourned and said: "Alas! he did not rest soon enough. He tarried at his desk too long." But his Uncle Ben, who came in to attend the funeral and had to do all his weeping out of one eye, because the other was blacked half way down to his chin, said: "It was a pity, but Mustapha had no get up about him. But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself while he was yet alive, because they had no time."

#### POETRY.

##### Nobody's Child.

Only a new-boy, under the light  
Of the lamp-post plying his trade in vain;  
Men are too busy to stop to-night,  
Hurrying home through the sleet and rain,  
Never since dark a paper sold;  
Where shall he sleep, or how he fed?  
He thinks as he stivers there in the cold,  
While happy children are safe abed.

Is it strange if he turns about  
With angry words, then comes to blows,  
When his little neighbor, just sold out,  
Tossing his pennies, past him goes?  
"Stop!"—some one looks at him, sweet and mild.

And a voice that speaks in a tender tone:  
"You should not strike such a little child,  
And you should not use such words, my son!"  
Is it his anger or his fears  
That have hushed his voice and stopped his arm?

"Don't trouble," these are the words he hears;  
"Do you think I would do you harm?"  
"It isn't that," and the hand drops down;  
"I wouldn't care for kicks and blows;  
But nobody ever called me son,  
Because I'm nobody's child I suppose."

O men! as ye careless pass along,  
Remember the love that has cared for you;  
And blush for the awful shame and wrong  
Of a world where such a thing could be true!  
Think what the child at your knee had been  
If this on life's lonely billows tossed;  
And who shall bear the weight of the sin,  
If one of these "little ones" be lost?  
—Phoebe Cary.

##### ODE TO TOBACCO.

Thou who, when fairs attack,  
Ridest them away, and black  
Care, at the horseman's back  
Perching, unseated;  
Sweet when the morn is gray,  
Sweet, when they've cleared away  
Lunch; and at close of day  
Possibly sweetest:

I have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, I know, are told,  
Not to thy credit;  
How one (or two at most)  
Drops make a cat a ghost—  
Useless, except to roast—  
Doctors have said it:

How they who use fuses  
All grow by slow degrees  
Brainless as chipmunks,  
Mengre as lizards;  
Go mad, and beat their wives;  
Plunge (after shocking lives)  
Razors and carving knives  
Into their gizzards.

Confound such knavish tricks!  
Yet know I five or six  
Smokers who freely mix  
Still with their neighbors;  
Jones—who, I'm glad to say,  
Asked leave of Mrs. J—  
Daily absorbs a clay  
After his labors.

Cats may have had their goose  
Cooked by tobacco-juice;  
Still why deny its use  
Thoughtfully taken?  
We're not as fables are;  
Smith, take a fresh cigar!  
Jones, the tobacco-jar!  
Here's to thee, Bacon!

—C. S. Calverley.

—Lost—From the Buffalo calendar, the month of April. The finder will be liberally rewarded if he will kindly leave it somewhere in Canada without owner's address. Present arrangements satisfactory. —Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

By the use of Buckingham's Dye, the whiskers are easily made a permanent, natural brown, or black, as desired.

#### THE CONFESSIONS OF A FLIRT.

[From the Home.]

A retired flirt, has, with advancing years, so far experienced a change of heart, and taken on the garb of philosophy that she is able to look back upon the days of her frivolous youth very much as we may all hope to look back from some future state upon the follies and mistakes which we have committed in this present life. To this line of study it may be premised, she has been incited by a faithful attendance upon the summer sessions of the Concord school, and the promoters of that much-lauded-at enterprise may felicitate themselves upon having in this instance, at least, gone far toward unveiling the inscrutable.

This retired coquette, whose revelations it is permitted to cite, is not a second Ninon de L'Enclos, in respect of years. Had she chosen to do so, she might have kept on making willing slaves of masculine admirers to this very day. It was only a decade since she was at the zenith of her power, and she was brought to a sense of her responsibilities by learning how she had—speaking after the manner of men—broken the heart of her dearest school-mate. The friendship between these two was one of those which irresistibly remind us of the affinity of bodies oppositely electrified. While Flora had three or four engagement rings in her escarole before she was out of school, Alice never had a lover until after she was twenty. Then everybody said, "What a capital match!" and Flora was among the most sincere and effusive of all those who tendered their congratulations. She had never met John, Alice's affianced, but the fates decreed that he should leave the large inland city, where she lived, and take up his abode in New York. Of course, one of his first duties was to call upon the dearest school friend of his fiancée, and, to make a long story short, he presently fell a victim to her charms. When he had listened to the inevitable "No," and passed through the inevitable reaction, his heart returned—as the needle to the pole—to his first love; but, being an honest fellow, or possibly fearing that Flora would not keep his secret, he made a clean breast of it to Alice and was promptly dismissed at once and forever.

Now, it so happened that Flora, busied with fresh conquests, did not for many years suspect the true reason of this estrangement. In the meantime, Alice had forsaken the world and joined a sisterhood, and John—well, to state it shortly, he had gone to the bad, in altogether hopeless fashion. This set Miss Flora to thinking, and, as her conquests had been falling off of late years, and she was nearing the "grand climacteric," she, too, joined a sisterhood for a period of temporary reflection, and when she emerged, went to Concord.

Her analysis of the mental processes peculiar to the flirt is suggestive. "I do not think," says, "that I ever flirted with the hope or intention of seriously winning men's hearts. It was fun to receive their attentions and to be able to lure them away from other girls, and especially was this the case when the men were married or engaged. In most instances I think they went back to their own, and their own received them. Why did I do it? Well, I think the reason was this: I really liked all agreeable men, and anything that looked like lack of appreciation on their part was so exceedingly distasteful to me that I straightway strove to overcome it. The young fellows just coming out came into my net as a matter of course for several years, but older men heard of me before being presented, and fought shy. I did not understand this then. I thought that they disliked me, whereas it was probably caution or disapproval, and I set myself forthwith to disarm the caution and change the disapproval to liking. It was simply unpleasant to me to have anyone indifferent. I have cried time and time again on my way home in the carriage simply because some one whom I wanted to please seemed indifferent. Several times I was actually caught with tears on my cheeks by those of whom I was thinking, and I always managed to let them guess the reason of my tears. That was always effectual. It never failed to bring about the desired end, but I declare solemnly that I never did it on purpose—cried, I mean—and I never intended to be caught in tears. I suppose that most men will refuse to believe this, but it is true. I was simply at my wits' end with wretchedness, because I thought some one had taken a dislike to me.

"Of course I cannot tell what motives govern other girls in such matters, but this is the rationale of my career in society. I never yet saw the man that I wanted to have with me for life, to the exclusion of others. I simply liked them all in a light-hearted way, and craved nothing more than a return in kind. When I found that in one case I had unwittingly done infinite mischief, I was overwhelmed with remorse. I pictured to myself the other similar cases of which I might not have heard, and in sincere distress of mind went to my pastor, confessed all, asking for counsel. He—well, right there in his own study, asked me to marry him. What could I do? And he an uncompromising advocate of the celibacy of the priesthood! Poor man! I was dreadfully sorry, for I had always fancied that he disliked, or at least disapproved of me, and had, according to my instincts, striven to set myself right in his eyes."

"I was actually ill for a week, and then I joined the same sisterhood that poor Alice went into, and came out of it, as I may say, cured after a year's retirement and meditation."

"I cannot see into the hearts of other girls, and judging from my own case, it is not cruelty, it is not acerbity, nor the desire for conquest, nor the craving for triumph over their sisters, that leads girls into what is called serious flirting—but simply an innocent wish to have themselves liked by all the men they meet, just because it is unpleasant to support a sense of being disliked by them. I do not believe that in most cases a girl contemplates the possibility of making a man fall in love with her, as the phrase goes, when she flirts with him."

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

[From Harper's Magazine.]

A Western correspondent sends the following:

I recently listened to a debate in one of the school lyceums of this city upon the novel and momentous question of "woman suffrage."

The debater upon the "anti-woman" side was doubtless engaged in his first effort, and this fact, together with a slight impediment of speech and a most original series of arguments, combined to produce one of the funniest and most unanswerable speeches that I had ever heard. Here it is, almost in full:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the first thing to find out is w-w-what man was m-made for, and what w-woman was made for. God created Adam first, and put him in the garden of Eden. T-then He made Eve, and p-put her there too. If He hadn't e-created Eve, there never would have been all the s-s-s-in there is now in this w-world. If He hadn't made Eve, she never would have p-picked the apple and eaten it. N-n-no, she never would have picked it and g-given it to Adam to eat. Paul in his epistles says w-woman should k-k-keep still. And besides, l-ladies and gentlemen, women couldn't fill the offices. I d-d-deny any one to p-point out a woman in this city or c-c-county that could be sheriff. Would a woman t-turn out in the dead of night to track and arrest a m-m-murderer? I say n-no! Ten to one she would slope w-with him!" And amid thunders of applause and laughter the gallant defender of man's rights triumphantly took his seat.

#### THE ARMIES OF EUROPE.

SINCE the year 1874, the six great nations of Europe have immensely increased their armies and the expenses for maintaining them. England's outlay now amounts to four millions of pounds, or twenty millions of dollars, more per year than it was at that time. Italy's army and navy expenditure has increased from nine millions of pounds to almost 19 in the same period, and that of Russia has risen from about 20 millions in 1880 to 33 millions last year. Since the Franco-German war France has increased her expenditure on this account to 35 1-2 millions, which is nearly double what it was before the war; while Germany now spends 20 millions, or about three millions more than previous to 1880. These are the figures given by Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished English scientist, who, in a recent essay on the "Bad Times" that have now prevailed in Europe for 10 years past, argues that they are occasioned by this enormous increase in war expenditure. From £345,000,000 in 1870, the expenditure of these six nations has risen to £612,000,000, an increase of £267,000,000, or just about five dollars per head, or 25 dollars per family for the entire population of those countries. This must all be raised by taxing the people for it.

—When any one laughs at the folly of an "Arbor day," remind him that cyclones are bred in the trackless wastes of open land.—Hartford Post.

—Customer (in restaurant)—Here, waiter, this steak is too tough to eat. Waiter—Sorry, Sah; I'm too busy to argue 'bout dat steak now. If yo' wan's to argue wit a waiter 'bout de toughness of steak yo' mus' come in when de noon rush an ober."

Quantity in medicine is no indication of value. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is concentrated and powerful; requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other Sarsaparilla. It is the best of all blood medicines.

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W. P. Baggett, Mill Brook, Pa.  
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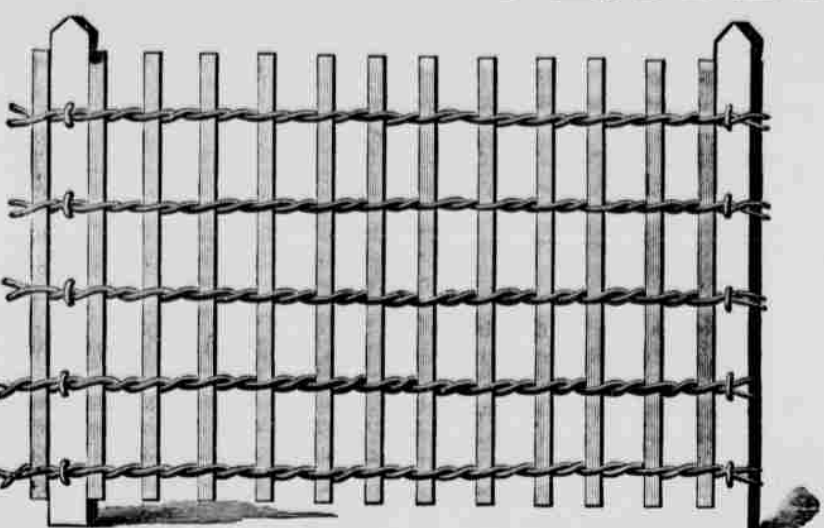
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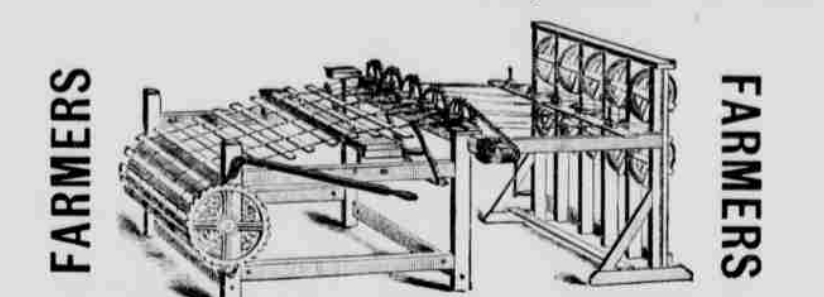
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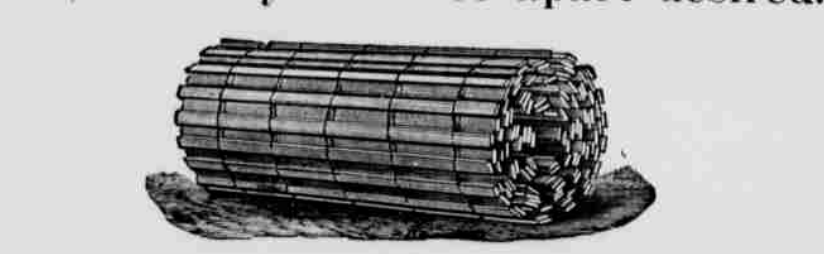
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